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SONGS
OF THE
TWILIGHT.

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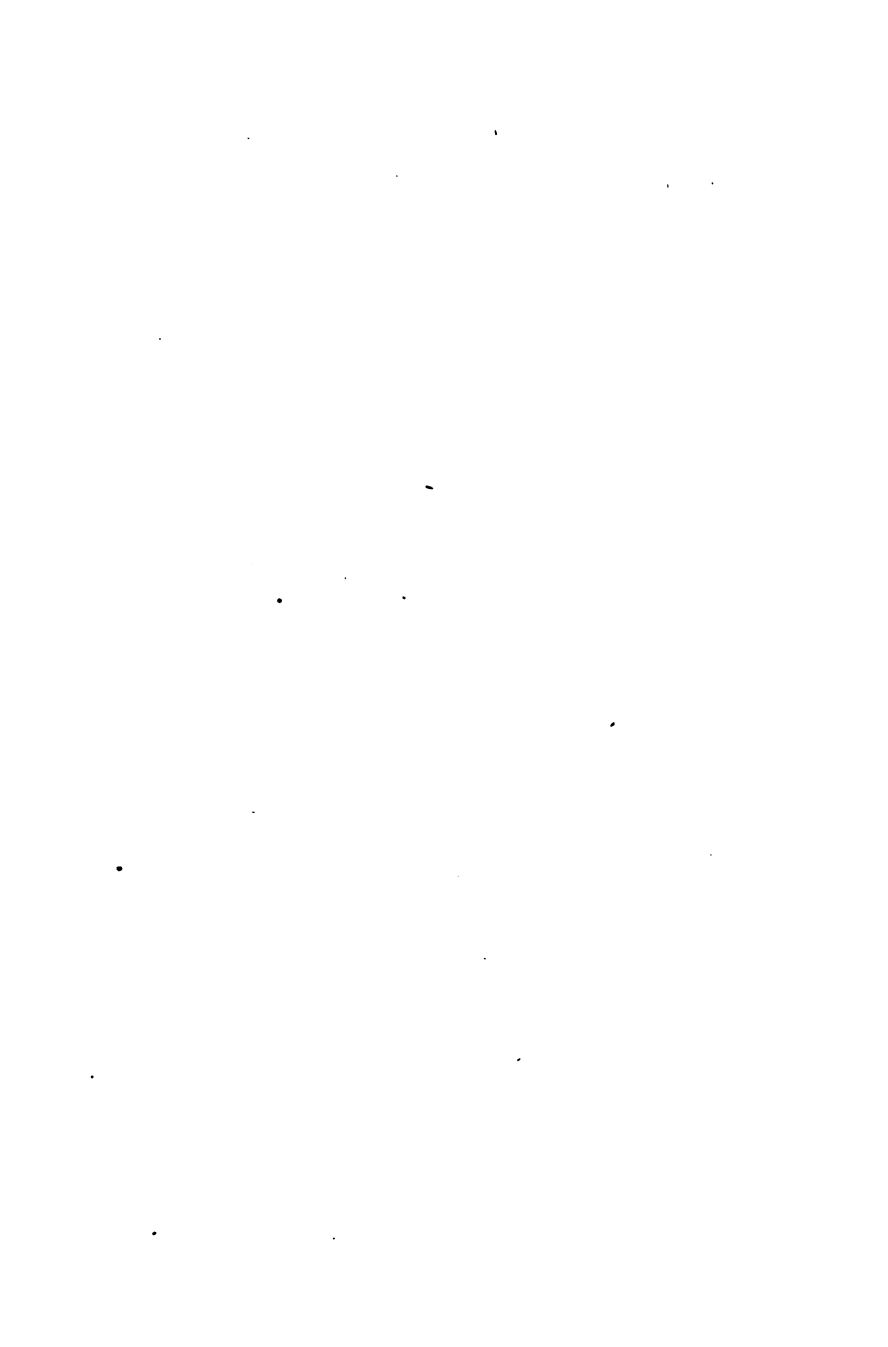
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*Presented to A. N. Leconte
by Mrs Spencer 1 Oct: 1866.*

SONGS OF THE TWILIGHT,

AND

Some Ballads and Translations.

E. L. H.

Richmond:

PRINTED BY ALFRED HAMMOND.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1866.

1300

AN EVENING THOUGHT,

INSCRIBED TO

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.



Thy flowers in loftier gardens grow,
Nor had I thought mine eyes to lift
To thine with this my fragile gift;
Save that the winds of heaven that blow,

By my low homestead stately sweep,
Through thy fair woodland glades anear;
Where thou hast smiled to see the deer
Bound gladsome from their noonday sleep.

And thou hast heard St. Mary's chime
Ring cheerly down the ferny brake;
And echoing o'er the silver lake,
Float to thy bowers at vesper time.

Sweet memories, though thy life be sweet,
 Have with those joy-bells come from far,
 And shewn thee some dear northern star
 Rising, where ford and forest meet.

Then, oh my Princess ! while the gleam
 Of sunset flushed thy royal brow,
 Our river waves ran warm below
 With the same glory ; many a dream

Lit up the crimson-clouded skies
 For peer and peasant with the thought
 Of earlier days, and sweetness wrought
 Out of the light of distant eyes :

Stars of the past,—and while they shine
 On thy crowned youth, as on the lone
 Pathways to joy and youth unknown,
 Fearless I tune these rhymes of mine

To thy loved name : enough for me
 If on some gentle hearts a face
 Rise, star-like, as they read, and grace
 My nameless page with dreams of thee !

*Cholmondeley Lodge, Richmond,
 March, 1866.*

THE HOUR OF REST.

From the German.

I stood on the mountain summit,
As the autumn sun went down,
And the golden veil of evening
Hung soft on the forest brown.

.

The dew-clouds floated in heaven,
All earth was at peace below ;
And the vesper bells were ringing
To sleep tired nature's brow.

I said : oh, mine heart, beholding
The silence o'er land and deep,
Go down like a child to its slumber,
Go seek out some meadow and sleep.

Go down to the happy meadow,
Where flowers with closing eyes
Stand fair by the quiet river,
That sings to the quiet skies.

Where the weary butterfly shelters
 Beneath the lily's breast ;
Where the bird in the whispering sedges
 Broods calm o'er her lowly nest ;

Where the golden moth is cradled
 By the wind on a leaf of rose,
Unharm'd by sheep or by shepherd,
 As they pass to their green repose.

The lark has left her singing '
 For the nest amid the corn ;
And no voice of hound or hunter
 To the stag's low couch is borne.

Ah ! who that hath a dwelling
 But rests beneath its dome ;
Ah ! who in the land of strangers
 But thinks and dreams of home ?

And to me there comes the longing
 This hour of rest to prove,
Far o'er those azure curtains
 In heaven's bright home of love !

IN THAT DAY.

ECCLES. xii. 3.

O softly loosen, silver Cord !
 O golden Bowl, break not too soon ;
 Betwixt the sunset and the moon
 Let love and sorrow spread the board !
 And there, amid the farewells spoken
 As life's last echoes melt away,
 Let the pale flush of dying day
 Gleam on thy fragments, gently broken !

Till then, O voice of friends, be heard—
 O Star of Hope, shine in the sky !
 As when the morning breeze rose high
 By life's fair well-springs, and the bird
 Of promise sang from budding bough :
 While, fresh below, the rippling wave
 To the glad greeting answer gave.
 Yet, though subdued and silent now

The wave of life from lands unknown
 Is passing to the land unseen,
 The bird of promise gone, the green
 Fair branches sere and fruitless grown,
 Yet, though beside the fountain's brink
 I draw no more the waters bright,
 Though shadows of the coming night
 Bid me seek shelter, while the link,

The last frail link that binds the cup
 Is trembling in a wearied hand—
 Calm in the twilight calm I stand,
 And feel my spirit lifted up.
 Not friendless nor forlorn my way
 While Prophet voices, sweet and clear,
 Angels above and mortals here,
 Sing soft, "Beneath the stars earth fades away,
 "Fades from the rosy heavens, before the Eternal
 Day."

LINES

Given with the "CHRISTIAN YEAR."

Read, oh Friend,—this book hath part
Deep in many an English heart ;
England's homes have held it dear,
Hut and palace, many a year.
Read it when the Pearl of Days
Lights the page with morning rays,
Read it when the star shines fair
In the hallowed evening air.
Read some midnight haunting song,
So shall heart and hope be strong :
While above thy couch look down
Southern Cross and Southern Crown :
So the waves that round thee foam
Still shall echo tones of home ;
And where'er thy course may be
Zion's walls shall compass thee.



*Presented to A. V. Le Grice
by Mrs Spencer 1 Oct: 1866.*

SONGS OF THE TWILIGHT,

AND

Some Ballads and Translations.

E. L. H.

Richmond:
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Yet, though Heaven's glory wait
 Beside the golden gate,
 Look back, O Poet-Priest, to Earth's dear shore,
 God wills that thou shouldst cast
 Glad thoughts on sunshine past,
 When sheaves that thou hast sown ripened for
 evermore.

Beneath the western palm
 Have fallen showers of balm,
 Dark brows, and darker hearts, have bent to hear ;
 Far up the mountain's height
 Have pressed thy footsteps bright,
 The standard of thy Saviour's cross to rear.

Cold on the sullen shore
 Of ice-bound Labrador
 Broke the blue waves, nor Sabbath bells replied :
 Lo ! heart and hand prevail,
 And loud the joyous tale
 Peals round the fisher's bark, o'er waters wild and
 wide.

In senate and in hall,
 At bridal and o'er pall,
 By hallowed altar, and in lonely room,—
 Where death and anguish strove,
 Came words of peace and love—
 Recall them now, brave heart ! to light the gloom.

So, through the wintry eve,
 Let starry memories weave
 A crown of thought, nor all of earth or heaven :
 And o'er the twilight scene
 Home fire-light flashing keen,
 Shew by thine own calm hearth the best that Earth
 has given.

There, while thou dost forget
 Life's fever and its fret,
 Lift the bright lamp of Heaven's best blessing still,
 Rare blessing, which is thine,
 Of Charity Divine,
 Believing, hoping all ; thinking no thought of ill.

Dream on, then, in thy bower,
 While soft from yonder tower
 The Christmas bells in answering promise chime,
 Of many a morning sweet
 Thy gladdened eyes to greet
 Ere Christ shall call his own from harvest fields
 of Time.

SUNSET.

"Thy sun shall no more go down."

Withered heath-flowers from the moorland,
Where is now the strong right hand,
That by loving memories guided,
Plucked you on fair English land ?

Wild, ah wild by drear St. Helen
Beat the blue waves on the shore ;
There the brave young hand is lying,
Cold in death for evermore.

Here, the English sunset flushes
O'er these letters, treasured long ;
Full of tender home-thoughts, hopeful,
Quaint bright fancies, sudden song.

There methinks the day is dying
Chill and grey beside the sea,
From the lonely grave, made ready
By the strangers' hands for thee !

Oh my boy, I read them over,
 Feeling it is but a dream ;
 Presently thy boat must near us,
 Floating down the quiet stream.

Surely soon thy joyous footstep
 Will be heard upon the stair ;
 Soon thy glorious voice come ringing
 On the happy evening air.

Nevermore—the voice is silent,
 Evening fades, the boats go by,
 All is hushed, the star of promise
 Looks from out a clouded sky.

Clouds are on my heart, and heavy
 Hang their shadows round my brain ;
 Nevermore—oh child of promise,
 Thou wilt never come again !

Life for us is in its autumn—
 But the sweetness of thy spring !
 Why should death's uncertain arrow
 Strike the young bird on the wing ?

Ah sad heart ! God only knoweth,
 God of mercy and of might—
 Knoweth from what future trial
 Hath that young soul taken flight.

God, who sees our day of anguish,
 To His breast hath taken thine,
 Ere the Sorrow that stood waiting
 Pressed for thee her bitter wine.

Ah, we know not—to our vision,
 Standing in the summer sun,
 With the field of youth before thee,
 All thy laurels to be won,—

Seemed no page of hope more golden,
 Seemed no destiny more brave,—
 Yet perhaps the storms were brooding
 As He called thee o'er the wave.

Tempests might have wildly broken
 O'er life's cold and restless sea ;
 Now the ship has reached its haven,
 Storms nor sunshine trouble thee.

Now the Lord of Hosts hath called thee,
 And we lay our dreams aside ;
 And we yield thee, earth's young soldier !
 With thy stainless sword untried,

Unto broader fields of battle
 With the legions of thy King ;
 Or to plains of rest unbroken
 Save by stir of angel's wing.

Here, and there, alas ! we know not—
 Save this truth, that God has willed—
 And in heaven and earth obedient
 Are our destinies fulfilled.

Oh, our darling ! we can trust thee
 Unto Him who died to save ;
 Though we never hear the waters
 Breaking round thine island grave.

We can trust thee, though the yearning
 Thrill our hearts with bitter pain,
 For the farewell words unspoken,
 For the tears that fell in vain.

We can trust thee ; thou art waiting
 Faithful on the eternal shore ;
 Thou wilt speak in heaven the greeting
 To be heard in earth no more.

Fade, pale flowers from English moorland,
 Faith and hope are fresh and fair !
 Wail, wild waves, round sad St. Helen,
 He who loved us is not there !

THE LIZARD'S GOOD NIGHT.

Farewell, my little maiden, the days are short
and chill,
And the storm-blast sweeps a misty veil a-down
the barren hill ;
And till the spring laughs out again, and south
winds wander free,
We must sleep within our mossy home, beneath
the old oak tree !
The fairy purple heather bell that nodded at our
door,
Is withered and unlovely now, the violets bloom
no more ;
Yet well content we see around the yellow leaflets
spread,
And hear the shrill cry of the wind in branches
overhead.
Close, little friend, around our gates that shield of
golden leaves,
Heap them well high, the eve is keen ; within my
lady weaves
Of emerald moss a carpet soft, and calmly shall
we dwell,
Contented in our narrow home, till beechen blos-
soms swell.

You knew us when the last warm rays of autumn
sunshine came
And brightly lit the holly boughs, whose berries
glow like flame ;
And we crept out to see the show, for we shall
slumber deep,
Nor ever think to look abroad when you your
Christmas keep.
You took me in a kindly hand, and praised my
russet gown ;
You laughed to meet my bright black eye, and
gently laid me down ;
You touched my pretty little ones, of slender
shape and fine,
And we will welcome you again, when summer
sunbeams shine :
But now we bid the world farewell, for many and
many a day ;
We sport not in the wintry winds, or bask while
skies are grey :
Flowers we love best to look upon, June blossoms
every one,
Are frail and delicate as we, poor children of the
sun.
Go wrap your mantle round you, and cheerily
away !
We wish you many a warm fire-side, fair book
and merry play :

And pleasant looks, and grateful heart, and accents
soft and mild,
And all bright gifts that may beseem a good and
loving child.
The kindly heart makes sunny brow, and even we
can tell
How happy sings the blithe brown bee, still
labouring for his cell :
The busy hand, the ready word, when words are
best to say—
All these be yours through winter task, and joyous
holiday !
But still look forward farther yet, to hours that
lovelier shine,
When birds shall sing upon the bough, wild roses
bloom and twine :
When the cuckoo's voice shall through the wood
chime in the happy spring,
And the little blue-bell hang her head beside the
fairy ring.
Then shall our purple heath be bright, our golden
gorses blow,
And rustling leaves wave over head, and feathery
ferns below ;
So, when six moons have waxed and waned, come
back, and you shall see
How fair the world, how gay the sports, around
the Lizard's Tree !

DREAMS.

Mine eyes are filled with tears to-day,
They blind me as they come,
And in my heart are stirring
Thoughts of a far-off home ;
A home, alas ! that nevermore
Shall shelter me or mine,
While o'er it beats the wintry rain,
Or beams the summer shine.
More faintly and more heavily
I draw each feeble breath,
And daily floateth nearer
The mystery of death ;
Dimly and vaguely gazing
On field and stream and hill,
I strive to grasp the picture—
Another haunts me still.
The sunlight parts the shadows
Along the dewy grass ;
And the wavings of acacia boughs
Across the lattice pass :
But another tree before me
Sways ever to and fro ;
And other lights and shadows
Across my memory go.

By day and night in visionings,
I see the sunlight shine
Upon a cottage garlanded
With tendrils of the vine.
Amid the purple clusters
The passion flowers look through,
And far adown the cedar wood
Breaks bright the ocean blue.
The voice of those blue waters
Is for ever in mine ear ;
But above its ceaseless surging
A human voice I hear.
I will not listen to that voice,
This scene is very fair ;
Bird-song and breezy murmurs
Make sweet this English air.
I will not dream—the Sabbath calm
Broods soft o'er hill and sea,
And the Book of peace and promise
Is laid upon my knee.
And as I turn the pages
A little child at play
Shakes blithely back his golden curls,
I will not dream to-day.
Oh, human will ! how vainly thou
Unto the heart dost speak,
While I press these last sweet roses
Close to my fevered cheek—

But I think it is some fragrance
From dead roses that doth steep
My soul in such a cloud of dreams,
I cannot choose but weep.

RESIGNATION.

Against the hand that sent the blow,
Mine heart, why strugglest thou so fast ?
Be still, my beating heart, and so
Soon all that grieves thee will be past.

Soon in thy depths the world will stir,
Like many a young heart, moving thee ;
Bidding thee cast away from her
Words sad to hear, sights sad to see.

Soon in her joys will bid thee share,
Those joys, the gates of pain and woe,
And call thee from thy God, to where
Her gods are reared His skies below.

Thou wilt not, canst not seek their shrine,
 Oh, leave their roses on the bough !
 And see how Eden's lilies shine,
 List, how through palms her breezes blow.

So, oh mine heart, be true and calm,
 Peaceful, 'mid all God gives thee, dwell ;
 And think, for this thy sorrow's balm
 He proves thee, as He loves thee, well.

The way is long, yet at Thy will,
 Father ! I bear my burden on,
 And, parted from world-worship still,
 Will lift pure hands to Thee alone !

A PSALM OF THE SEA.

Lonely is our dwelling
 On the lonely shore ;
 Salt sea waves around it
 Breaking evermore :
 Surging up at twilight,
 Mournfully and slow,
 With deep cadenced echoes
 Of all human woe.

Surging near and nearer
 Under midnight skies ;
 Bringing back dead features,
 Tears in vanished eyes :
 Life-long silenced voices,
 Breathing mid their moan ;
 While the wind above them
 Waileth all alone :
 Bringing with past sorrows
 Present fear and pain—
 Woeful thoughts of mariners
 On a stormier main :
 Where the wild Atlantic
 Foaming to the sky,
 Sweeps above their bulwarks,
 Stifles back their cry.
 Ah ! to-night is dreary
 On the lonely shore,
 Harkening to the billows,
 Surging evermore.
 Surging far and farther
 O'er the sands away,
 Till, like spirits driven
 Backwards with the day,
 All along the beaches,
 Lying grey and still,
 Breaks the low white margin,
 Heavily and chill.

Then, when faint and weary,
 From dream-broken sleep,
 At the open casement
 One would lean to weep,
 Calm and radiant o'er him
 Hangs the morning star,
 While a pallid amber
 Streaks the east afar ;
 And Orion statelier
 Draws his belt around,
 Treading firm and fearless,
 Morn's enchanted ground.
 Then from each high planet
 Spread such lights of peace,
 Darkling fancies vanish,
 Mournful voices cease.
 Lonely is our dwelling
 On the lonely shore ;
 Yet I love its billows,
 Changeful evermore.
 Flashing up at sunrise
 Curves of broken light,
 Long, bright emerald tresses,
 Pearl wreaths, rosy white.
 Oft at noon it seemeth,
 That the angels hold
 The four winds in silence,
 Bound in bands of gold

Till the waves, deep lying
In a still blue calm,
Stir beneath the prelude
Of some ocean psalm.
Oft the eve serenely
Decks the west afar,
With a rose-red mantle,
Crowns her with a star.
Oft at night like marble
Pavement sleeps the sea,
While the moon above it
Ruleth royally.
Queenly moon of harvest !
Floating clear and fair ;
Spreading wide around her,
Streams of golden air.
Lonely is our dwelling
On the lonely shore ;
Yet I love its aspect,
Changeful evermore !
Flowers of earth are scanty,
Roses droop their brows ;
Jasmine stars we see not,
Nor the lily snows :
On the stone the ivy
Mantles dim and pale,
Woodbine nor the virgin-bower
Blossom fair and frail.

Far off in the woodlands
Sing the honey-bees ;
Far off on the hill side
Wave the happy trees ;
Far off is the fountain
Cadenced to the tune
Of the linnets haunting
Garden bowers in June.
We have but the singing
Of a lonely bird,
For his very liveness,
Sweetest ever heard.
Coming of his own will,
Singing clear and loud,
In the morning sunshine,
In the evening cloud ;—
Singing to us rather
God-sent in his glee,
That dear nature smileth
All-where fair and free :
That she giveth beauty,
That she giveth grace,
Stretching hands of blessing
Unto every place.
And while still he singeth
Takes my heart a vow,
Fearless on its journey
Evermore to go :

And though wind and tempest
Sweep the bitter wave,
Not to hold them stronger
Than God's hand to save.
Strong thou art, great ocean !
Strong as love and death ;
Yet a mightier lifedom
Breathes in human breath.
Lo ! the brow thou sweepest
To thy depths a-down,
Shall, when thou art nothing,
Wear the palmy crown !
Lo ! the eye that sadly
Looketh forth on thee,
Soon shall still its yearnings,
By the crystal sea !
Break, oh changeeful billows,
Break along the shore,
Hope, above your changes,
Singeth evermore !

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

From the French.

If there be a summer bower
 Ever bathed in light and dew,
Where the wind from flower to flower
 Floateth every season through ;
Where our hands enchanted twine
Jasmine, lily, eglantine,—
I would break a path to be
To that bower a guide for thee !

If there be a loving heart,
 True and noble, frank and pure,
One where honour bears her part
 Free from gloom, from falsehood sure ;
If within some breast it beat
Worthy of a charge so sweet,
I would give that breast to be,
Gentle brow, a shield for thee !

If there be a dream of love
 Perfumed with the rose of joy,
Blessed by angel lips above,
 Fair as gold without alloy ;
Where one findeth day by day,
Something new and bright alway,
I would make that dream to be,
Woman's heart, a nest for thee !

SERENADE.

From the French.

Without thy gate I watch and wait,
Day dawns—why sleepest thou ?
The rose lifts up her crimson cup,
Wilt thou not lift thy brow ?

Wake from thy sleep, or I must weep,
I am weary here alone ;
And all things strike at thy door alike,
Bidding that sleep be gone.

The sunlight fair up thy chamber stair
Hath a golden carpet spread ;
And the clouds rush by o'er the eastern sky
To curtain thy noble head.

And the wind doth say behold the day,
And the bird saith, hearken to me ;
But thou liest deep in thy dreamless sleep,
And, waking, I dream of thee.

I watch and wait at thy silent gate,
I am well nigh weary now ;
And my heart must break if thou dost not wake,
My love, why sleepest thou ?

SLEEP, WHAT WOULD'ST THOU MORE.

Sleep,—what would'st thou more ?
 The flowers are round thee closing ;
 And the night dew gathers tearful o'er
 The lily's faint reposing :
 The rose hath bowed her crimson brow,
 And folded up her breast ;
 And things less weary far than thou
 Are laid in blessed rest.

Sleep,—what would'st thou more ?
 The stars are cold and high,
 And sparkle from the spirit shore
 With bright unkindred eye.
 The queenly moon alone is mild,
 And she her watch will keep,
 Like mother o'er the grieving child ;
 Whom grief hath wept asleep.

Sleep,—what would'st thou more ?
 Yon festal halls are bright,
 And the wine cup flows and mantles o'er
 The sober hours of night :
 The music voice is floating loud,
 The dancers' steps are free ;
 But what avails the joyous crowd,
 Oh lonely one, to thee ?

Sleep,—what would'st thou more ?
 Thy dreams be sweet and fair,
 And light from days that went before
 Be richly scattered there !
 Lay aching brow and beating heart
 Upon her tranquil breast ;
 So shall the cares of day depart,
 And night shall give thee rest.

Sleep,—what would'st thou more ?
 Thy soul in visions steeping,
 Forget that on life's dreary shore
 Thou wak'st to woe and weeping.
 Forget that with to-morrow's light
 A shade must fall on thee ;
 And dreams of peace and joy to-night
 Thy ministers shall be.

Sleep ! what would'st thou more ?
 We leave thee to thy slumber ;
 The flowers the poppy garland bore
 Some fallen petals number.
 The moon is waning as she gleams,
 Her vigil o'er thee keeping ;
 Sleep, lonely child of grief and dreams,
 Sleep on—a peaceful sleeping !

THE LAST VOYAGE.

“And so He bringeth them unto the haven where they
would be.”

God speed the ship ! the swelling sail
Is lifted to the breeze ;
God speed the ship ! her cheek is pale,
For rocking of the seas.

Her cheek is pale with the sultry south
And the pang of many years ;
And paler yet doth it shew to-day,
All wet with loving tears.

She looketh back to the tropic shore,
And her soul doth faint to see
The vision of a home for her,
Which never more may be.

She looketh to the English land,
From the Indian waves behind,
Till she seems to see the golden corn
Bend in the summer wind.

She looks at heart in her sister's face,
She lifts her feeble hand,
To give her kindred's welcome back,
To greet her native land.

She looks at heart on the purple hills,
The lakes so still and bright ;
And the hope-lights shine in her azure eyes,
Like stars in a blue midnight.

And so at last she learns to weep
Less often, day by day ;
Though her cheek with rocking of the seas
Is very pale alway.

God speed the ship ! for she doth grow
More pale and lily-white ;
And the moonlight shews her wasted brow
More spirit-like each night.

The blue broad deep around her spread
Is never fair to her ;
And in the cordage overhead
She hears the low winds stir ;

And, sighing, lifts once more her hand,
With gesture faint and mild ;
Saying : " I heard in mine own land
"Those breezes when a child."

Saying : " Beneath the beechen boughs
 " My sister sitteth fair ;
 " My love doth weep beneath the palms,
 " Would God that I were there ! "

God speed the ship ! her voice doth take
 A tone so sweet and low
 That like a fairy dirge its fall
 Through every heart doth go.

And God doth speed the ship : the breeze
 Is very fair to-day ;
 But her cheek with rocking of the seas
 Is pale and dim away.

She doth not speak so oft, but now
 Looks ever out to sea,
 As she would question wave and sky,
 How on our course we flee.

She looketh to the English west
 And nearer day by day
 Bravely we sail ; and yet her cheek
 Is very pale away.

Nearer and nearer : now we meet
 The swallow on the wing,
 And the very ocean wind is sweet
 With the breath of earth's young spring.

God speed the ship ! for she doth change,
 She hath not marked the flight
 Of yonder bird ; she hath not smiled
 Sweet greetings day or night.

God speed the ship ! her eye doth gaze
 No more on sky or sea ;
 But, earnest, from us all looks up
 As in a dream to Thee !

God speed the ship—her cheek is pale,
 Pale as a corse to-day ;
 God speed the soul—for it doth pass
 In that last dream away !

Ah surely from the waste of waves
 It passeth to its rest ;
 Returning like the dove of old,
 Unto the Father's breast.

Father ! we close the dim blue eyes,
 We clasp the folded hand ;
 And the cry above our weeping heard
 Is the sailor's shout of "land."

The land, our English land doth rise
 All smiling from the deep,
 And friends and kindred gather where
 She cometh but to sleep.

Ah comrades, must we say no more
 God speed the ship? for woe
 Will darken as we reach the shore,
 Like night on sunset glow.

Alas! alas! for the broken hearts,
 Alas for the weeping eyes,—
 Whose flower they shall but greet again,
 Years hence, in Paradise.

And yet, God speed the ship—for they
 Will still account it grace,
 While we go forth to joyous homes,
 To look upon her face :

To look on her dead face, to press
 Warm kiss on marble lip,
 To lay her by her mother's side,
 And so—God speed the ship !

Onward we sail—His will has given
 Unto the crystal shore,
 Yon soul a speedier flight, whose heaven
 Shall bind the seas no more.

Peaceful, beneath the palms of peace,
 This lily flower shall be ;
 To her the word of promise kept :
 “ There shall be no more sea.”

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, the words are silver sweet,
But ah ! the dream is o'er ;
These lips shall speak, these hearts shall greet
Good morrow never more.

That morrow's dawn may rise as fair,
As here it still must be,
Her sun may spread his golden hair
Bright o'er the Baïan sea.

Thou through the lonely hours wilt wake
Until that light is nigh,
And look, perchance, to see it break
Soft from the smiling sky.

And I, while night doth change to morn,
Morn glory into day,
With weary steeds and heart forlorn
Must press the Appian way.

Good night, alas ; more sad, more sweet
Than all that went before ;
These lips shall speak, these hearts shall greet
Good morrow never more.

THE OLD WRITING-TABLE.

Oh my friends, deal gently with these records,
Friends, if any such I leave below—
Shadows are they of forgotten fancies,
Dreams that were the flowers of long ago.

Long ago—so long, that when I wander
In the fields of thought at eventide,
Lifting up dim eyes to youth's far mountains,
I can scarcely trace them on their side.

It may be because the tears are blinding,
And because so soon I turn away,
In an utter agony imploring
Strength to bear the burden of to-day.

So these verses, which do feebly picture
Dreams which once I thought were bright
and fair ;
I have laid them in these dark recesses,
With real flowers that bloomed in living air.

Oh my friends—the dead heart that appealeth
Thus unto your living hearts to-day,
Only leaves, of all high hopes and fancies,
These poor songs, sung on a toilsome way :

Laid aside with violets of the spring-time,
 Gathered by some hands beloved of old ;
 And pale roses, plucked in Roman sunshine,
 Reverently where poet brows lie cold :

Trailing ivies that from ruined arches
 Hung beneath the stars in Roman night ;
 Maiden-hair that by Egeria's fountain
 Spread her long locks in the summer light :

Ferns that waved on old Teutonic mountains,
 Heath that purpled forests of fair France ;
 Wilder blossoms that in Alpine passes
 Wooed the pilgrim with their sweet blue
 glance :

Here are lilies from a terraced garden,
 Where I walked the fairest morn in May,
 Which the hand of France's Hero-Poet
 Severed gently from the bending spray :

And he also gave these guelder-roses,
 "Snows of summer," said he as he gave ;
 And this bud, which flashed a crimson shadow
 From its green leaves, on the fountain's wave.

Ah ! the summer snows have lost their whiteness,
Ah ! the red rose, it is withered too !
Not the less my soul is dim within me,
Not the less my cheek has changed its hue :

And the hour is come when sitting lonely,
Life to me doth seem a tale of old ;
And, despite of these its fragile flowerets,
Not the tale my youthful fancy told.

Something pains it me to die, unknowing
Who shall touch these records of the past ;
Whether some one who on earth did love me
Shall with kindly memory keep them fast ;

Oh if eyes, which shed no tears above me,
Brightening into mockery as they trace
Workings of a heart they cannot fathom,
Aid rude hands to thrust them from their place.

If such eyes be yours, in haste, I pray you,
Light the flame and let the flowerets fall ;
Ashes of my lips will not upbraid you,
Ashes of these dreams will finish all.

THE LAMP OF THE TEMPLE.

From Lamartine.

Pale lamp, before yon cross of stone,
 Pointing the place where saints have trod,—
 Ah wherefore silent and alone
 Light the dim image of our God ?

It is not to direct the wing
 Of contrite prayer or faithful love,
 Or lend Him sight, thou fragile thing,
 Whose eye illumeth day above.

Thou canst not cast one shadow back
 Of those who come to worship Him ;
 The long, dark aisles upon their track
 Show gloomier for thy lustres dim.

Thou art not for His homage given,
 The fires beneath his steps are bright ;
 Suns burn along the noonday heaven,
 And moonrays walk the skies of night.

And yet, oh symbol lamps ! ye give
 And guard your faint immortal fires,
 Yet on the altar shrines ye live,
 Fanned by the air from nave and choirs.

Thus thou, my fainting soul ! the same,
 Burn'st feebly in this mortal clod,
 A scarcely seen but quenchless flame,
 Lit by the presence of thy God :

A light that while yon altar fires
 Before the Lord in silence shine,
 Leads ever on my heart's desires
 To worship at our Father's shrine.

SONG.

The green isle lies where the north-wind cold
 Sweeps the breakers on the lea ;
 And on deck he stands, the captain bold,
 " My sailors, out to sea ! "

" For France, fair France, our course we steer,
 And England, o'er the brine—
 In England to drink the nut-brown beer,
 In France, the ruby wine. "

The sails they rustle in the wind,
 Round the mast the sails they swell ;
 And the gentle child that is left behind
 From the island sings farewell :

“Father ! the evening wind is keen
 That lifts thy silver hair ;
 Thou mightest have gone through the forest green,
 To the brook so flowery fair.

“Thou mightest have slept through the darksome
 night
 In thy chamber, soft and warm ;
 But thou walkest the deck in the wan moonlight
 When few dare face the storm.”

Ah maiden, hush ! by Heligoland
 The waves of the dark blue sea
 Roll over thy father’s cold right hand,
 And his mariner company !

THE FISHERMAN AND THE GOLDEN FISH.

From the Russian of Puschkin.

A fisherman dwelt with his grey haired wife
 On the loneliest shore of the Baltic sea ;
 In a clay built hut had their years of life
 Passed on together, thirty and three :
 And the old man went on his daily way,
 While the old wife span by the hearth of clay.

The morn is fair—and the net is drawn,
 But the fisherman's finding is nought but sand,
 And the second cast in the silent dawn
 Has only the sea weed brought to land :
 But when next he ventures it down, behold
 In the mesh doth glitter a Fish of Gold !

A golden fish of the rarest race,
 Which with wary hand then taketh he ;
 But it looketh up in his wondering face,
 And with human voice speaks fast and free :
 " Oh send me back to my native brine,
 " And all that thy heart desires is thine ;
 " A costly ransom mine shall be
 " If thou give me again to the blue, blue sea."

The old man he grew pale with fear,
 He had fished for twelvemonths thirty and three;
 And never had had the luck to hear
 The voice of the fishes that dwell in the sea :
 So he spake to the fish with reverence low :
 " God guard thee, gold fish ! thou art free to go :
 " Return in peace to the dark blue deep,
 " In the waves thou lovest go dive and leap ;

“Go ! swim to thy heart’s content ; and lo !
 “I ask no reward save that thou should’st go.”

And home the old man hastened to tell
 What wonders had chanced since the morning
 brake ;
 “A golden prize in my meshes fell,
 “A golden fish that like mortal spake—
 “He prayed for his freedom with promise fine,
 “That all I listed should straight be mine ;
 “That a costly ransom his should be
 “If I gave him back to his own blue sea :
 “But nothing I dared to ask him, save
 “In peace to return to his native wave.”

Then the fisherman’s wife to the fisherman said :
 “O thou grey beard fool ! thou simpleton, thou !
 “And wherefore cowardly should’st thou dread
 “To ask the gift he would fain bestow ?
 “Thou see’st how our trough is worn and broken—
 “Could’st never a word of a new one have spoken ?
 The fisher went back to the lonely shore,
 The ocean billows were sparkling fair ;
 He stooped and called to the Fish once more,
 The waters parted, the Fish was there.

The Golden Fish swam in the sea :
 And said : “ What would’st thou, man, with me ? ”

The old man spake with reverence low :
 “ Have pity on me ; thou hast wrought me woe,
 “ Be not wrathful, oh Fish ! woman’s tongue is free,
 “ There’s no peace at home on account of thee :
 “ My old wife scoldeth sore, for behold
 “ She wants a new trough, and our own is old.”
 Gave the Golden Fish in answer fair :
 “ Go home, my friend, and God guide thee there !
 “ And fret not thyself, for the trough is made,
 “ And strait shall be on thy threshold laid.”

As the fisher returned he merrily sung,
 The trough was standing the window below ;
 But the dame she scolded with shriller tongue :
 “ Oh thou grey beard fool—thou simpleton, thou.
 “ Was a gift like this worth thy journey and speech
 “ When such goodly riches are in thy reach ?
 “ Hie thee back to the Fish, be it understood
 “ I will have a new cottage—a house of wood.”
 And the fisher went back to the blue sea’s shore,
 And the waves were troubled and darkening o’er.
 But he called aloud, and full soon did spy
 The Golden Fish come swimming by.

The Fish swam by in the dark blue sea,
 And he said: "What would'st thou, man, with me?"
 With deep obeisance the old man spake:
 "Have pity, nor let thine anger awake—
 "My old wife scoldeth me worse than before,
 "And peace in my dwelling doth reign no more:
 "She prays for a cottage of wood built fair!
 "Oh Fish! wilt thou hearken the old wife's
 prayer?"

Gave the Golden Fish for answer then:
 "To thy home God guide thee back again!
 "Nor trouble thy heart, for a house of wood
 "Is built for thee where the old one stood."

The fisher went cheerily on his way,
 And never a trace of his hut he found,
 But a house of wood stood gallant and gay,
 With chimnies tall, on the self same ground.
 All gaily painted within, without,
 With a brass-bound door of the oak-beams stout:
 At the casement the dame sat in her glory,
 And began again with the ancient story:
 "A fool, oh my friend! thou verily art
 "To have asked for a peasant's cottage of wood:
 "Go back and say to the Fish apart,
 "And be sure thou give him greeting good—

“ That I will not dwell like a peasant’s mate,
 “ But a gentle lady of high estate.”

The fisher went back to the lonely shore,
 The waves were heaving and moaning sore ;
 The clouds were gathering over the sky,
 But he called to the Fish, and the Fish swam by.
 The Golden Fish swam in the sea,
 Saying : “ What would’st thou, man, with me ? ”
 And bowing low, the fisherman said :
 “ Have pity, oh Fish ! for thy wrath I dread :
 “ Most cunning of heart and of speech too free,
 “ My house the wife maketh too hot for me ;
 “ She will dwell no more as a peasant’s mate,
 “ But be made a lady of high estate.”
 Gave the Golden Fish an answer fair :
 “ Go home in peace, God guide thee there ! ”

The fisherman took his homeward way,
 And the cottage he saw no more that day :
 But a stately mansion on pillars fair
 Stood lofty and proud in the summer air :
 And adown the steps came his ancient dame,
 In costly mantle of ermine she came :
 Around her neck were the white pearls strung,
 And a silken veil o’er her shoulders flung :
 With crimson slippers her feet were graced,
 And rings of gold on her fingers placed.

A group of maidens around her stood,
 Whom she scolded aloud in her olden mood,
 With reverence meek came they near her there,
 But she pulled the long locks of their braided hair.
 And the fisher advanced, and with humble voice
 Bent lowly before and said : “ Rejoice,—
 “ Rejoice, oh lady ! noble and great,
 “ Rejoice for ever in thine estate ! ”
 But the lady banished him forth to dwell
 In the stable, which lodging befitted him well.

Two weeks passed quickly in hall and bower,
 And the lady awoke in a froward hour.
 The maidens to soothe her tried ever in vain,
 And she sent for the fisherman once again.
 She bade him go forth the Fish to seek,
 And of this her further will to speak :
 “ A simple lady I will not be,
 “ But reign as a queen, right royally.”
 “ Hast thou eaten the herb of folly ? ” he said :
 “ That a dream like this should trouble thy head ?
 “ No crown of the Fish will I ask for thee :
 “ As a Queen, thou the scoff of the world would’st be.”

Then furious drew the lady near,
 And loud fell the blow on the fisherman’s ear ;
 “ What, darest thou to strive with me—
 “ A noble lady of high degree ? ”

"Go forth!" and he sought the lonely shore,
 Where the dark blue waters were blue no more,
 All dismal and black the surges rolled,
 But he stooped and called to the Fish of Gold.
 And the Golden Fish swam in the sea,
 Saying: "What would'st thou, again, with me?"
 The fisherman knelt and faintly sighed:
 "I fear thy wrath as this darkening tide;
 "But my wife hath sent me once more to say
 "That she seeketh another gift this day:
 "A simple lady she will not be,
 "But reign a Queen in her majesty."

The Golden Fish gave answer still:
 "Vex not thine heart, but have thy will:
 "God guide thee safely home again—
 "Thine ancient dame a Queen shall reign."

The fisherman sought his wife again,
 And a bannered castle stood fair and great,
 And within she sat with her courtly train,
 She sat at the banquet in royal state.
 The pages served her courteously
 With red bright wines from over the sea,
 She ate of the delicate honey-bread,
 And guards stood circling her board and bed,
 With battle-axe on each shoulder leant,
 And she looked around in a full content.

The fisher advanced with lowly mien,
 And kneeling faltered : " Oh, mighty Queen !
 " As thy heart desired thou reignest free,
 " And now thy spirit at peace will be."
 The Queen looked down as she saw him not,
 And never a word spake she ;
 But a glance of her eye hath upon him brought
 The wrath of her chivalry.
 With battle-axe and lance they spring
 To drive him forth from the festive ring,
 And swift he reacheth the outer gate
 Where the eager crowd for their monarch wait ;
 The gossips call and the children cry :
 " What business had'st thou with her majesty ?
 " Take to heart this lesson and learn it well—
 " That the ass should aye in his stable dwell."

The weeks passed by, and the woman's will
 Waxed great in ambition, and frowarder still ;
 She sent a page her husband to seek,
 And they brought him before her, silent and meek.
 And she spake in her pride : " Go down to the sea,
 " And greet the Gold Fish once again from me ;
 " No longer will I this kingdom keep,
 " But will reign below in the dark blue deep.
 " The Sovereign of the Seas I'll dwell
 " In a palace below the Baltic's swell,

“And the Golden Fish shall my servant be,
 “And breathe but to do my ministry.”

The old man ventured never a word,
 But in trembling silence the mandate heard,
 And wandered again to the stormy sea :
 Loud pealed the thunder above its breast,
 The waves together in tumult pressed,
 As the wind and the flood strove furiously.
 But he called aloud, and the fish swam by,
 The Golden Fish in his courtesy,
 And said from out the sounding sea :
 “Old man ! what would'st thou again with me ? ”

The fisherman spake with a troubled brow :
 “Oh Golden Fish ! thou wilt slay me now ;
 “But my wife, the wickedest ever was seen,
 “Hath sent me here, and no more a Queen—
 “A Queen in her stately castle will she
 “Be content to reign right royally :
 “But she must Sovereign of ocean be,
 “And rule below in the dark blue sea ;
 “And thyself to work her service still
 “She would have ever near, obeying her will :
 “Wherever she listeth—above, below,
 “At every whim of her heart to go.”

This time no word the Fish replied ;
 With golden fins he lashed the tide,
 And lightly parting the billows he
 Glided silently down the deep, deep sea.
 Long waiting an answer the fisherman stood,
 And no answer came from the raging flood :
 Wearily sought he the homeward track
 To his Queen in her fury to wend him back ;
 Wearily, wearily he went his way,
 But he saw no castle nor Queen that day :
 Lo, again in the sunshine beside the brook
 Stood his clay-built hut in its olden nook ;
 And his old wife sat in the porch's shade,
 With the broken trough on the threshold laid.

THE RETURN.

Translated from Beranger.

How slowly floats the bark that bore
 Me safe o'er many a stormy sea !
 How slowly, slowly nears the shore,
 The haven where my heart would be ;
 My France, mine own fair land !
 This weary watch the last I keep,

Though oft the cloud-land of the deep
 Has imaged forth thy strand.
 I hear the sailors' joyous call,
 Thy fragrance scents the gale ;
 Hushed are my griefs—forgotten all,
 Hail to my country, hail !

My France, thy shore before me lies,
 The guarded heights, the towers are nigh ;
 Nor far the home where first these eyes
 Looked out upon thy sunny sky,
 My France ! mine own fair land !
 And twenty years this heart has mourned,
 Since from that lowly roof I turned,
 Amid a weeping band.
 There first I loved—my soul is there,
 My childhood's tears prevail ;
 There still my mother breathes her prayer,
 Hail to my country, hail !

Dear cradle of my infant smiles—
 Yet my young fancy led me far
 To southern seas, where gorgeous isles
 Spread soft beneath the morning star ;
 My France, mine own fair land,—
 Thou canst not boast their fadeless bowers,
 Where flowers and fruits, and fruits and flowers
 Through circling years expand ;

But there my burning brows implored
 Thy freshened autumn gale ;
 There were thy wintry snows adored,
 Hail to my country, hail !

And there, though many a magic spell
 Twined in dark locks, in dark eyes shone,
 Though hearts that loved the stranger well
 Warmed lips that warmed to him alone,—
 My France ! mine own fair land !
 In vain they smiled : I turned to thee,
 Where well I know no more for me
 Love clasps the willing hand ;
 With youth and riches mine no more,
 I seek my native vale ;
 Yet memory lights the loveless shore,
 Hail to my country, hail !

Enough the sunshine of the past,
 To bless the evening of my days ;
 But lo ! the port is gained at last,
 Oh speed thee, bark ! no more delays !
 My France, mine own fair land !
 Like me, may all thy children learn
 How sweet an alien son's return !
 I kneel, I kiss the strand ;
 I thank Thee, oh my God ! what pain
 The exile must bewail !
 Now can I die, or live again—
 Hail to my country, hail !

TO A YOUNG POETESS.

From the French.

Sing on, young voice, sing on—for me,
I listen, dreaming tenderly

Of silenced songs, of broken joys ;
Sing on, for thee the flowery crown !
For me the wreath of thorns ! renown
Would near me now with vexing noise.

Time was, unto the star I said :

“ My star, mine own—bright overhead

“ Seen or unseen, thou still dost shine : ”

Time was, when at the river side

Of youth I said : “ Oh glory’s tide,

“ I come, I am a wave of thine. ”

By April breezes nurtured sweet,

And summer nights as fair as fleet,

Flushed my young rose to perfect bloom :

While, from the lily-chaliced dews,

Sweet perfumes floated to the hues,

Rose-red, that morning’s smiles assume.

Then Earth to me cried : Poet, sing !

And Heaven repeated : Prophet-king,

Rule with thy words fair days to come ;

Send forth thy thoughts like living springs,

To bless man’s weary wanderings

Between the birthday and the tomb !

Alas ! my star is clouded now,
 No more to bind a faded brow
 Blooms the fresh rose of June for me ;
 Drained is life's cup, its dregs are there,
 Deep as in dreams the folly fair,
 Sure as the sunset on the sea.

The shadow on my hearth is thrown,
 The shadow round my heart is grown,
 And sorrow weeps my roof below ;
 Vainly upon my walls the vine
 Her purple clusters still would twine,
 A worm is at the fruitage now.

As leaf by leaf my life-tree's prime
 Is falling, dying, ere its time,
 Leaving on barren boughs the thorn ;
 Like the lone tower on yonder steep,
 Deep in my time-worn heart I keep
 A passing bell, lost hours to mourn.

Alas ! the tones my dreams that break,
 Are still the same that bid thee wake
 Youth's triumph-song in bower and hall :
 Sing on, salute the golden skies,
 I can but weep that from those eyes—
 Sweet eyes ! the tears ere night must fall !

AN APRIL EVENING AT TORQUAY.

Lovely, by sea and shore,
 The sunset mantles o'er,
 Then pales to twilight's dim mysterious change :
 Dim, yet how fairy bright
 With promise of the night,
 Rests o'er the wan blue heavens her mantle strange.

 Strange to these weary eyes,
 The light of evening skies,
 Strange the dark pine-crowned heights, the
 rippling bay ;
 Strange, for nor sun nor star
 Gleamed through the walls afar,
 Where I have toiled for many a winter day.

 How strange, and strangely fair
 The moss-couched maiden hair,
 The green reeds laid along the river's breast—
 The primrose, sweet and frail,
 Fern-leaves, uncurling pale,
 And violets, mantled in their perfumed nest !

 Yet though the breezes fling
 Faint odours of the spring,
 They sweep on chill wings round the leafless tree ;
 And o'er the amber dyes,
 That fringe the twilight skies,
 Float the grey ghosts of clouds that are to be.

On my charmed gaze to-night
 The young moon, silver bright,
 Looked like a spirit from yon arch of blue ;
 Trembling she wandered forth
 Amid the wintry north,
 Then round her brow the rosy mist-veil drew.

But ever and anon
 It parted, and she shone,
 A queen, upon broad realms of sky and sea ;
 And then, as in disdain,
 Or weary of her reign,
 Called the grey mists her ministers to be.

They gathered at her will,
 Rising and rising still ;
 And, close pavilioned, sank she to her sleep ;
 Yet though the moonless sea,
 Complaineth restlessly,
 Bright stars above successive watches keep.

Not thus, oh crescent queen !
 Wilt thou desert the scene
 Which soon shall spread beneath thy silver feet ;
 The still calm ocean tide
 Laid by the green earth's side,
 And, hushing all around, May-breezes mild and
 sweet.

Then wilt thou "with delight"
 All through the balmy night,
 Border with snowy fringe the sleeping bay ;
 Then shall thy soft pale gleam
 With fuller diadem beam,
 And April's tender hope shall reign the moon of
 May.

MARY'S HYACINTH.

Oh fair and fragrant flower,
 Though nursed in wintry hour,
 Beneath mine eyes, thou scarce art child of earth ;
 Surely those roseate dyes,
 Flushing like sunset skies,
 Had not from common clay their lovely birth.
 Long in thy prison pressed,
 Deep in the dark mould's breast,
 Thou wert to me a dream of days to come ;
 And while the blossomed green
 Shot upwards, strong and sheen,
 Lay folded in its sheath the germ of future bloom.
 Dimly the faint rays shone
 Across the lattice lone,
 Marking the daily steps of winter's way ;
 Till one rich evening came,
 And like a disk of flame
 The sun went down, to rise upon thy day.

The parting clouds were rolled
 In purple and in gold,
 The light of heaven in crimson floods broke through;
 And thou, to that fair light,
 Looked upwards, young and bright,
 Then knew I that from heaven thy flowers their
 glory drew.

I know those wavèd bells,
 Whence such deep fragrance swells,
 Spread o'er the fields of heaven their sceptres sweet;
 I know those leaves of green
 'Mid asphodels are seen,
 Pressed by the innocent tread of angels' feet !

And though, like locks of light
 Wreathed o'er some forehead white,
 The soul of Beauty all around thee twines ;
 Frail beauty, which may cling
 To many an earthly thing,
 Some spell more sacred on thy promise shines.

I will not thee compare
 With things the world holds fair,
 But meet thy gaze with tearful, earnest eyes ;
 While ever and anon
 Thy perfume, like a tone
 Of music, speaks some message from the skies.

Still chimes yon vesper ray,
 Lit in thy home away;
 Where love is crowned, and Death is known no
 more ;
 Where by the crystal sea
 A prophet-voice to me
 Sings of thy flowers beloved on Life's eternal shore !

THE LIKENESS.

She reined in her stately steed,
 She bowed her golden head ;
 And I gazed as if the grave had given
 Back to the earth its dead.

I looked as though that hour had given
 Back to my eyes the day,
 When from St. Mary's woods we brushed
 The diamond dews of May.

I looked as though my life had given
 Back to my heart the love,
 As the spring had given the young green leaves
 To the tossing boughs above.

She came through the forest arches
 In the light of the setting sun ;
 And the glory closed around her,
 As if heaven to earth were won.

And my heart and my life were lighted
With the sun of youth once more ;
And I turned away from each later day
Laid like ghosts on Time's dim shore.

She came through the forest arches,
And she stayed her palfrey fair ;
And the sunset rolled like a kindred gold,
O'er the waves of her silken hair.

She bent for one moment o'er me,
And smiled with a queenly grace,
And my wan cheek flushed, and the quick tear
gushed
As I looked up in her face.

Then I saw, as it were in a vision,
Her gallant train advance ;
And I knew that I stood in a forest,
Afar in the land of France.

And I knew 'mid the northern mountains
By the lake a grave was made ;
And I knew that there were the golden hair
And the sweet eyes lowly laid.

And I stood as I were rooted
Like a rock amid the fern,
Till the strength came back to my spirit,
And my brow grew dark and stern.

And never a word I uttered,
 As she passed like a dream away ;
 But the heart that had long been broken,
 Seemed broken again that day.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

“ Watchman, what of the night ? ”

There is no star upon thy brow,
 Young heritor of Time !
 The midnight spreads thy curtain low,
 And if, far hence, the chime
 Ring in with merry peals thy birth,
 Here reach no echoes of that mirth—
 The city's silver rhyme !

Only the winds through pine trees riven,
 And waves, whose cadenced tread
 Up the long beach is slowly driven,
 Are chanting round thy bed ;
 Nor murmur they for thy sweet sake,
 Rather in measured strains they make
 Moan for thy brother dead.

Sad the untender skies, and drear
 The wind swept ocean wild ;
 Oh Earth ! hast thou no better cheer
 To greet the new-born child ?

The past is past—its pangs, its fears ;
 Oh welcome him, and be thy tears
 Quenched in his promise mild.

Truly some lips beloved are mute
 That spake his brother's greeting ;
 We list in vain for many a foot,
 Ne'er backward at this meeting ;
 And some dear eyes the household flame
 Lights up no more ; some cherished name
 We shun, or weep, repeating.

But thou, O happier Earth ! the rain
 Falls harmless on thy rest ;
 The summer fruits, the autumn grain
 Lie garnered in thy breast ;
 Thy leaves shall bud again, thy flowers,
 Unlike these buried brows of ours,
 Shall bloom at Spring's behest.

Yet with the angel's song scarce past,
 The morning star so near ;
 Our hearts have dried their tears at last,
 And caught the pastoral cheer ;
 And so, sweet mother Earth ! arise,
 See Bethlehem's glory in the skies,
 And peaceful greet the year.

No wreath of wintry stars she wove,
 But ever wailed and wept,
 Till flashing down the leafless grove
 The morning sunshine stept :
 All golden-footed, fair, and free,
 Asserting sweet supremacy
 Of Hope our hearts had kept.



Smiled the pale skies, and silver fair
 The rippling ocean smiled ;
 The murmurs of the troubled air
 Hushed to such breathings mild,
 They seemed like mother's faltered prayer,
 Ere yet she hath the strength to bear
 Earth's voices round her child.

Be blessed of God, O year ! with balm
 For hearts that bleed and break ;
 Be honoured well of men, and calm
 Thy path of victory take !
 Do battle, year of grace ! with wrong,
 And glorious rest, and triumph-song
 Be thine, for Christ's dear sake !

